

THE NORTH YORK SENTINEL.

"NO PLACE SHOULD BE DEARER TO US THAN OUR OWN COUNTRY."

VOLUME I.-NO. 26.

NEWMARKET, NORTH YORK, CANADA WEST, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1856.

PRICE-S1 1-2 PER ANNUM.

DIRECTORY.

RAILROAD TIME, NEWMARKET

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" North.....	5.20 P. M.
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Going South.....	7. P. M.
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THE Witness is divided into the following departments: 1st. First page, News, second and third pages, Articles selected from a great variety of the best English, American and Canadian papers—fourth and fifth pages, Editorial and communicated articles and paragraphs—sixth page, Mother's department, Young Men's department, and Agricultural department—seventh page, Miscellaneous, consisting of poetry, religious and useful articles and extracts—eighth page, Commercial articles, prices current and advertisements.

The *Canadian Review*, a monthly paper occupied with reviews of and extracts from New Books, and the *Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions*, also a monthly paper, will both be sent without charge to subscribers for the *Montreal Witness*.

The *Witness* is published on Wednesday morning in time for the early mails, and the price per annum is 12s. 6d.; if sent to the office strictly in advance, 10s. Five copies will be sent to one address for 39s. All communications to be sent to and addressed to,
JOHN DOUGALL,
Witness Office, Montreal.
Jan. 2, 1856.

POETRY.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME.

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me I
'T would be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved one
Were saying, I wish he were here.
To think that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam;
Oh, yes! 't would be joy beyond measure
To know that they miss me at home.

When twilight approaches the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long!
And is there a chord in the music,
That's missed when my voice is away
And a cord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay!

Do they set me a chair near the table,
When evenings home pleasures are high,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And stars in the calm azure sky I
And when the "good nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent and wait me,
A whispered "good night" while they weep.

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me,
At morning, at noon or at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle,
Because I am with them no more!

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Breach of Promise.

SKETCHED FROM REAL LIFE—BY A BARRISTER.

I had just laid down a lengthy abstract, which had occupied my attention for some hours, and weary and yawning, had seized the poker, for the purpose of putting out the fire, that I might retire to my pillow.—It was nearly twelve o'clock. The night was bright and frosty, when preparing to enter my room, a knock at the door disturbed me. My servant was already abed. I shuffled on my slippers, and hastened to answer the summons. A respectable-looking man said he wished to consult me, and apologized for disturbing me at so unreasonable an hour. Clients never come to me at unreasonable hours, so I invited him to take a seat in my office, and state the object of his coming. There was no delay in obtaining it; but I relate the previous circumstances, as I learned them afterwards more at length from the lips of the other parties concerned. Time, diligence, and honesty, had exalted the man who called upon me to the station of head clerk, in a public office, at a salary of £80 per annum. He was a widower, his wife having died in giving birth to a daughter, on the very day that announced to him his increased dignity and income. Thereafter all his thoughts and cares, that were not claimed by his situation, were given to his child.—At home after his office closed, he was to be seen strolling with his infant charge in the neighbouring fields, a beautiful black water-spaniel bounding before him, in pursuit of whom the little Mary ran with a shriek of delight, the glad father following to break the fall which her fearlessness threatened, and sometimes brought about. In the early morning, too, in the summer time, he visited with her the hay-fields, and sported with her, like a child among the fragrant hickocks. The girl was everything to him. He seemed to live but for her; he drooped when she was ill, and in his own seasons of sickness, his cheek would flush, and his eyes kindle, when he heard her laugh and saw her healthy face, as if there was a strange sympathy between them, and he caught from her the mood of the moment. He had never been known to take more than one day to the year for a holiday. It chanced however, that on one occasion he was absent from his duties for a week. It was concluded that nothing but sickness would detain him from his task. A junior clerk was then despatched to inquire kindly after his health. He found him sitting by the bedside of his daughter, pale and disordered, he had not slept for four nights—nearly had he stirred from the spot, except for medicine or food. The child was passing through the terrible ordeal of the measles. He watched the progress of the disease with fearful anxiety. The favourable crisis came, and he returned to his usual task. But this was a solitary instance. Mary was blest with robust health, and in a few years she was able to repay by her assistance the devotion of her widowed parent. He loved his home more than ever; for her inextinguishable spirit put to flight all gloomy thoughts. Her smiles, her song welcomed him as he crossed his own threshold; and he departed with perfect confidence that in his absence she would discharge the domestic duties of the house as zealously and as ably as many of mature years, who have been compelled by necessity to call forth their mental energies. And the happy father numbered sixteen of her birthdays, celebrated by a plum pudding and a bottle of wine, at an evening party of friends. In truth Mary well deserved the love that her father lavished upon her. She was a sweet girl. Some called her pretty, though that was a contested point. For my own part I thought her beautiful; but then my taste is somewhat peculiar. Her features were not modelled according to the sculptor's beau ideal—they were not regular and cold. Nay, examine each feature apart, and no one is faultless. But then they were full of life and mind.—All smiles and sunshine, good temper was in every glance, feeling in every accent that breathed from her lips. She had few companions in her childhood. The hours that were not devoted to her domestic duties and to her father, were employed in the attainment of useful learning. She was passionately fond of reading, and the little book shelf in the parlor supplied her with the elegant essays of Addison, the poetry of Thomson and Cowper, and more recently the libraries of useful and entertaining know-

ledge. Thus she entered upon that delightful but dangerous era of human life, when a thousand feelings and passions, as pleasing as new, fill the ardent mind with a thousand strange emotions, before reason has taught us to guide, or the cold precepts of experience to subdue them.

Hitherto her existence had been all serenity. The fondness for nature, and the fields and flowers, first infused by her father in their morning and evening walks and formed by the volumes which he had judiciously placed before her, as food for a useful mind, had led her to the study of botany, and she knew every one of the many flowers which adorn our luxuriant hedges. In her rambles in search of these, she was usually accompanied by her father; but sometimes she went alone into the fields that immediately surrounded the town, dreading nothing and regarding nothing but her favorite pursuit. Her plain and simple attire, her features rather homely than otherwise, attracted not the notice of the passers-by, and she continued her study without molestation.

Some few months before the time which made me acquainted with her history, she was gathering cowslips in a field near the town, and dreaming not of danger she was alarmed by the menaces of a very ferocious cow.

The animal pursued her while she was yet far from the gate. Mary fled precipitately but the self-possession and intrepidity of a gentleman, who was accidentally strolling in the same field, saved her from its fury. He rushed forward and with his stick met the enraged beast, and turned it from its pursuit. Gratitude for aid so timely, lighting upon a cheek flushed with the returning blood, made her for the moment really beautiful. The stranger was evidently pleased, and behaved to her with a respect and gentlemanly bearing to which she had been little accustomed. She was soon composed enough to tell him the object of her research; and after a conversation of some length, in which he discovered that the being he had saved possessed no common mind, he bade her adieu, breathing a wish that they might become better acquainted. Her heart intuitively echoed that wish. When she returned home, Mary related the occurrence to her father, who with tears in his eyes, thanked God for her deliverance. She did not know the name of her preserver; and he not could not, as he desired, hasten at once to express to him a parent's gratitude. But her thoughts dwelt continually on the stranger, and his image was in her dreams that night. Her father had warned her, to avoid for the future walks so dangerous;—but for the first time in her life she culpably neglected his advice. The very next day, she proceeded, with a fluttering pulse to the meadow, to see, as she said, how the accident had happened. The first object that she beheld was the gentleman who saved her. He hastened to greet her. She thanked him again. He turned the conversation to her favourite study; it was one which he had not neglected, and she gathered from him much useful information. She ventured to ask him his name, saying that her father was desirous of personally expressing his thanks for the favor he had conferred upon him. The gentleman instantly presented his card—

"Mr. Henry Hartrow."

The conversation became so interesting, that neither seemed inclined to part, until the approach of the dinner hour compelled Mary to tear herself from society that was but too fascinating. She did not think there was anything wrong in this. He had saved her life, and therefore was entitled to her warmest gratitude. She did not know that any other feelings mingled with her thoughts.

The next day her father called on Mr. Hartrow. The tears were in his eyes, as he poured forth all the eloquence of gratitude. He was received with a respect and kindness unusual between persons holding such different stations in society, for Mr. Hartrow was a gentleman of family and fortune. An only child, the early death of his father had put him in possession of a considerable property. He expressed great interest for her welfare, and promised, with her father's permission, to enquire after Mary's health at her own home. Our head clerk was flattered by the adulation of so wealthy a gentleman as Mr. Hartrow, and has happily accepted his self-invitation. On his return he told Mary of this, and praised her preserver to the skies. He did not notice the blush that bloomed upon her face as he spoke. The very same evening the bright metal teapot and neat china cups were on the table, and Mary and her father were seated before the cheerful board. She was pouring out the tea, when through the window, she saw Mr. Hartrow approaching the house. The tea-pot wavered from her hands. She turned pale. Her father had not time to ask the cause of her emotion, when a gentle tap at the door announced a stranger. He entered, shook hands cordially with both, and invited by the eye as well as by the words of the delighted and admiring Mary, he took a seat by her side, and shared their homely meal. His kind and friendly manner made the soon forget his rank. His demeanor towards Mary was respectful, and the father was flattered by it, and she herself entranced. He sat with them till the moon was up.—When he arose to depart, Mary could not speak. When he was really gone, her heart sunk within her. It would be tedious, and it is not necessary to detail the history of the affection that grew up between them. They met, as they at first would fain believe, casually, then by appointment. He was almost constantly at the tea table, and lingered later every evening. Her eye constantly watched his coming, and looked brighter when he came. He was daily more fond of reading aloud to her the choice works of Lord Byron. He wrote a note on some trifling subject, requesting an answer. She, of course replied. Discussion once awakened, we all know is endless. Others followed in quick succession. It was strange that they should exactly agree in all their

tastes and likings and dislikes. They at length became "engaged." He obtained from her a promise that her father should not be informed of their engagement, and so for four months they contrived to keep their "faith" a secret from him. An officious friend, who had met them in one of their morning walks, first opened his eyes to the real object of Mr. Hartrow's constant visits. He resolved to employ at once a parental authority, and for that purpose accompanied Hartrow on his return home one evening, demanded to know what were his own intentions, Hartrow replied satisfactorily, but suggested the necessity of caution, lest his friends should thwart his purpose.

From this time forth Henry and Mary regarded each other in a new light. No longer reserve pained one or other of them. This intended union had a fathers permission and a father's blessing. When Hartrow became of age, Mary from the hill-side beheld, with proud and palpitating heart the manifestations of joy which spread far and near over his estates, and secretly longed for the day when as mistress of that hurrahing multitude, she would dispense kindness, smiles and comfort, over all her husband held dear.

But all these pretty hopes, all these dear dreams were on the eve of a sad disappointment. No sooner did Hartrow's intended union get noised abroad—it was impossible to guard the secret—then his friends upbraided him, called him degenerate, and of last avoided intercourse with so incorrigible an invader of aristocratic purity. Although none of the weakest of men Henry Hartrow could not stand long against the continual force of derision which from all sides poured upon him. Even his very self spoke of it as a thing demeaning, and he at length resolved—to relinquish his object.

He prepared not to see her again. He snatched a pen, and after flinging a half dozen half-written epistles in the fire, at length completed one, in which he candidly explained the delicate circumstances in which he was placed; that his intended connexion with her was so decidedly opposed by his friends that they threatened to abandon him; and that a union under such circumstances could only be a source of misery to both. He professed unalterable attachment, but he appealed to prudence and good sense, whether the matter ought not to rest as it was. This letter he despatched by his servant. It was like a thunder stroke to the unsuspecting Mary. She had never suffered a doubt of his truth to cloud her affection; and now, when she expected to become his wife, to find him faithless! She did not weep—the fountain was dried up—she was stunned. Her father found her with her eyes glazed and starting from their sockets, her cheeks white as marble, and the fatal letter had fallen from her stiff hand. He glanced his eyes over it. The truth was evident, and after vainly endeavoring to recall her to sense and feeling, he took from his drawer the letters of Henry Hartrow, and with them he hurried off to my office, to seek without any delay, the avenging aid of the law.

As he finished his story, he flung upon my table the letters alluded to. They were carefully packed in a huge bundle.—It was to be my task, to peruse them, and glean sufficient evidence for an action of breach of promise of marriage. Having endeavored in vain to soothe her irritated and disappointed parent, I advised him to seek repose, promising him to look into the case without delay. I rose early the following morning, and commenced my task.

There was ample proof of promise, and I did not feel myself justified in indulging any curiosity by a survey of all these singular documents. I wrote to Mr. Hartrow, politely informing him that I had been instructed to commence an action against him, and trusting that he would yet spare my client the painful task of pushing so wanton a breach of faith. I received an immediate reply, repeating the objections urged in his letter to Mary, and adding, that he must abide the consequences, however painful; for his sense of duty to his relations and friends dictated the conduct which he admitted was in the first place deserving blame. No alternative now remained. I issued a writ. About a fortnight before the assizes, I received a note, requesting an interview with myself and client at my office, to endeavour to compromise the difference. I seized the opportunity, fixed the following day, and prevailed on the father to bring Mary with him. I arranged that she should remain in another room until a fit moment should occur for introducing her. The several parties arrived accordingly. Mr. Hartrow bowed to the father, who did not return the recognition; and I could see his lips tremble with ill-suppressed rage. I opened the conversation by asking the object of the meeting. He wished to offer terms; he cared not at what cost, so that the case was not dragged before the public. He concluded by asking what compensation we demanded.

"Compensation, sir?" said the father no longer able to control his feelings; "what can compensate my child for the loss of health and happiness! What gold will buy the peace of mind which you have destroyed forever! Before she knew you, she was the gayest creature under the sun. You saved her life, and we were grateful; but you took advantage of our gratitude to rob us of our domestic quiet. You, rich, presumed that our poverty marked us as fit and passive objects for your sport. Think you, sir, I deem any paltry excuse or bribe a compensation for my daughter's peace?"

"My good sir, believe me, I always intended to act honourably; for my regard for Mary was not an unworthy one."

"Then prove it, by acting like a man whose conscience is not blunted."

"I would not have thought to wrong you, but circumstances have placed me in this inevitable position. Now I will settle on your daughter a fortune—anything at all, say—"

"Thus, young man!" exclaimed the father wildly. "Do you also insult me thus? Think you a woman's heart is saleable?—I think you a true maiden is thus purchasable? Away, you are worse than evil!"

"Seeing my client so greatly exasperated I interposed. 'Am I, then, to understand that you decline giving the only just compensation?'"

"Hartrow paused for a moment in evident agitation. 'I would, I would,' he muttered; 'but my friends—my family—how can I be reconciled with them?'"

"Are these narrow prejudices, this pride of home, better than honor and justice?" Having put the question, I gave a sign to my client, who left the room while I continued; "Mr. Hartrow, I fear a worse crime still is in store for you, and that is, if this young lady—as I foresee, in case you persevere—pines away you will be a NUMBERER!"

"What mean you?" he exclaimed in terror.

"The best explanation I can give is here, I continued, pointing to Mary, who at that moment entered the room, almost carried by her father. Hartrow started from his seat, and ran to grasp her hand with his usual warmth. She gently repelled him with a sigh, and lent upon her father's breast piteously sobbing. He was alarmed at the terrific change which she soon presented, the havoc of his neglect. The lively and beautiful Mary was now before him a drooping, sad and wasted form. The blue veins visible coursed along her thin hands, and a feverish glow, which was painfully perceptible, thrilled through the man's heart and affected him deeply. With agonizing attention he heard the injured parent exclaim,

"Look here, sir; see the wreck your conduct has made! None less than a villain would have thus wronged those whose hospitality he craved! Look at her, sir,—that tender bud, and blush if you can! May the Lord forgive you, but I'm a man, a frail man—I cannot—no, never!"

I regarded the speaker with peculiar surprise for he was not an educated man. However, there is an eloquence inseparably connected with passion. He had it. It was now my time to speak.

"I must request a definite answer from you, sir."

"When must it be?" he asked thoughtfully; "what sum will satisfy you?"

"Simply we ask you to redeem your solemn pledge; I heard you were a gentleman," I said.

"And who dare deny it?" he demanded.

"I do," I replied coolly; "while your conduct proves the reverse."

"That's enough, cried the indignant father; 'the law had better take its course. Shame will bend his spirit, and the good will slun him. Come away, Mary, my love; you had, after all, a happy deliverance from so wretched a monster—come!'"

But Mary, instead of moving as directed cast herself upon her knees, and clasping her father's hands, pleaded mercy. "Hear me, father," she continued; "I have but a short time to live. Grant me only one request—"

"Speak my love; I promise you anything."

"Then abandon this law suit. It may ruin him, and for the world I would not see him harmed. Though he has wronged me I forgive him. I have never reproached him, why then will you? I am persuaded his motives are no irredeemable."

"Discreditable!" ejaculated the father; "a villain's motives."

"Pray do not, dear father, revile him. I can't bear it!"

"But my duty."

"Forgiveness is our first duty, father; never shall you hear me breathe a word against him; forgive him as I do."

"Gracious girl!" interrupted Hartrow starting from his seat, and embracing her; "no longer plead thus—I must fall down to you both, and seek forgiveness. I have been exceedingly wrong. But neither false pride, nor the sneers of friends, will now daunt a purpose which is right, if you will even yet deign to accept my hand."

"What?" exclaimed Mary, starting in utter doubt; "what do I hear aright? It is—but no it cannot be true!"

"I do not deceive you, Mary, I would not."

"No?" she continued eagerly; "you could not—your heart is not so—oh, thank you—and she avowed in Hartrow's arms. My poor client bent over them in joyous wonder, while I looked on, gratified at the successful issue of my simple device.

The suit, in which the most eminent counsel had been retained, was abandoned, and before another month had elapsed, Mary was Hartrow's wife. Of course I was a welcome guest at the wedding, and ever since have been welcome to Hartrow's mansion. Nor have I had reason to regret in the least resorting to such a contrivance in order to settle a breach of promise.—Though perhaps unprofessional it is the opposite to ignoble.

Forgiveness is never without its rewards, and you may be a timely friend as well as a professional adviser. Such are the palatable suggestions of this sketch from—real life.

Picture of Palmerston.

Lord Palmerston's spanking majority on Mr. Whiteside's motion has given him a fresh lease of life. It was beyond the brightest calculation. His lead of the House, considering his age, the weight that encumbered him, and the dead weight that encumbered him, is said to be a marvel of perfection in that style of thing. He has neither the respectable dreariness of Lord Althorp, the decorous solemnity of Peel, the frigid superciliousness of Lord John Russell, nor the mystic conspirator-like reserve of Disraeli, the Mokanna of Ministers, but neither deficient nor cringing, lends the House with a gay, cheery, natural frankness, that makes every one happy and at ease. He leads the House, in fact, as he would a pleasant party at his own house, and no one can play the host with a more charming grace. The

offer he is defeated the fresher he looks after every fall, and springing up as gracefully as if nothing had happened, pulls on the gloves again, which fit with the same neatness as his principles. He hears his reverses like the Irish lady who was always delighted to assure her acquaintances she was enjoying wretched health. There he may be seen seated opposite the red box on the Speaker's table, night after night, equally unruffled in toilette and temper, and with hat as smooth and polished as his tongue, ready to answer everybody on every possible subject, whether it be the punishment of a drunken midday off the Petropoliowski coast, the dalcation of a penny post in the Hibrides, or an elaborate treatise on international law of Mr. Secretary Marcy, whose smallest talk lately has been from Pallencorf and Grotens. Then he knows all about captain Rynders and Sulem Sing, though he has never seen them, and is equally posted about Young America and Young Bengal, or at least seems to be so. At 74 he is a boy in the minuteness and eagerness of his perception, the buoyancy of his bearing, and the unwearied assiduity of his attention. And what a strength of constitution is needed to listen assiduously to a score or two of bores! A fortnight's sitting at some New York brassy bar, or a walk down Broadway in shippers in thawing time, or listening to the author read a new five act American Comedy, is not half so trying to the physical and mental temperament as this. Wind up Mr. Spooner, for instance and he will piddle on an old roasting jack, slowly and gloomily and gratefully for hours. But Palmerston sits through it all like patience on a monument.

An Irish priest over his punch, the merry basket-maker in every ballet, or anything else you like of that kind, with an air of composed complaisance, and even at times, of counterfeited satisfaction. Then, when he rises, he is neither witty, nor forcible, nor eloquent. On the contrary, he hems and haws over the honor of England, and the usual things of that kind; but then how pleasant our Pam looks, and how the House rubs its eyes, and wakes itself to listen, and gapes to catch the cordial joke which he throws up as a pleasant shield against unpleasant questioning, and which—though the house in its sober moments says it is unbecoming in a great man to make it laugh, and dilettanti politicians call him, like Charles Dickens, the comic old gentleman—the House in its reckless, which is its favorite mood, most thoroughly enjoys. Then he is so open! There is such a "there is my bosom, gentlemen—look into it," sort of air about him, as if he was a living exemplar of his own heterodox creed, that man was born without original sin, and had to discover what it was yet. No man wears a more gallant ease, the *collo sciolto e pensieri scolti*, commanded by the gallant Italian diplomat. He speaks common places with a sublime air, and pours out with the ingenious look of a child, whole forms of sonorous-sounding notions. Then a great element of his success is the art with which he tickles the small vanities of every one around him.

With his peers he is respectful never familiar. They don't want to be reconciled. They know Pam is safe, and will take care of his order. But all the everybody and nobodies about the house are in his most excellent graces. Every one who has ever been in the Militia or the Yeomany corps is his gallant friend. Were he over here all Tammany Hall would be his gallant friends, and he would carry everything before him. Then the lowest member in the house, even Mr. Murrough, who got in by accident, and than whom no scurvier fellow could be found at Niagara symposium meeting, is his honorable friend, if as he slips in with the most artful artlessness, he will allow him to call him so.—The delicacies of this compeury can hardly be appreciated here, but Mrs. Murrough visits all the neighbours next day, and pointing to the paper calls Pam "my husband's friend," and Mr. Murrough votes with Pam when he wants him or dines on cold mutton for a month. A little stroke of art like this may make or unmake the Niagara question. As Napoleon says, the fate of a Kingdom has often depended upon the cooking of a chop.

The great secret of Palmerston's success as a Parliamentary man is this dash and apparent frankness, a strong common sense, and the popular belief in his home pluck, which Monsieur le Peuple always likes, and thoroughly English. His celebrated peroration in which he said that it was his aim that an Englishman, he in what land he might, should have by virtue of being an Englishman, the privilege accorded to the Roman when he exclaimed *ciris Romanus sum*, went home to the English heart and has stuck there firmly. Then there is an unmistakable, indefinable thoroughbred air about all he does, no fizziness or swagger, strength in repose is the characteristic of his manner, which is apparently boyishly natural, though every one knows that, like his legs, hair and whiskers, the whole affair is a rosy fiction—"humbug, Sir, all humbug," as Sir John Vessey says in Bulwer's dull Comedy of "Money."

From a survey of Palmerston, one turns with a feeling of sorrow to think that such a leader should have such material to play on as the present House of Commons, which numbers as dismal, dull, and dasy a crew as ever drove the vessel of the State. It is as melancholy to see such a genius as Palmerston expended on so spiritless a machine, as to see Hiram Woodruff driving an omnibus, or Verth or Fry composing a comic song, Rachel playing Mrs. Toodles, Gottschalk teaching the piano at a lady's boarding school, or Max Maretzek playing a solo on the German flute.—*New York Times.*

A London artist has secured a patent for a new alloy metal, composed of copper, zinc and magnesia, which bears a strong resemblance to gold in several respects.

The price of beef by retail has declined nearly 50 cts per cwt. in New York.

The Exodus of the Tartars.

FRIDAY, May 2nd.—Of all the painful and pitiable sights which have been presented to me in the course of the war which is past, there was not one which was so affecting as that of the Tartar Exoduses and their flight out of the Crimea. Whether they were animated, as they say, by their desire to ameliorate their condition, the motive must be powerful which can drive a whole race from their homes. They leave these peaceful and beautiful valleys for ever, and flock into Balaclava and their groves in the hope of obtaining the means of escape from their cruel oppressors.

On Thursday the whole population in the valleys outside the Russian lines began their mournful procession. They left their homes silently. The old men, women and children were placed on the arabas above the pile of cushions which seem to constitute all their household furniture. Many of them cried bitterly. Several of these poor pilgrims were so exhausted from illness or old age, that they were unable to leave their homes, ever, soiling they had the luck to gain. Each arabas was drawn by two small bullocks or oxen, led by the head of the family; the eldest children kept by his side or followed on foot.

The women, closely veiled, in spite of their grief, looked round with wonder at the marvel which Balaclava presented, and were for a time beguiled from thoughts of their abandoned dwellings in Ozon Miskonia, Varmutka, Balder, Upi, Oznash, or Cholin; but as the sea opened upon them, and they found themselves among strangers, the sense of their position came back to them with redoubled force, and they seemed lost in despair. The procession which I saw was about a mile in length, and was formed of arabas in single file as close to each other as they could pack.

They are a docile, kind-hearted and gentle race, and a kind superior in appearance to the Tartars I saw at Kerch and Eupatoria. They have all fine teeth and eyes. Many of them are very well-looking, and the old men are exceedingly dignified in aspect, and possess great native ease and good breeding. The young women possess graceful forms, and are believed to be very pretty, but they are not often seen unveiled, and the old women do not display the least traces of beauty. I have never seen anywhere children more lively and handsome in the face than some who were among the emigrants yesterday.

As I was riding through the streets some Russian officers passed, and gave signs of dissatisfaction at the proceeding of the Tartars, which were evident in their faces.—The latter were very abject in their bows, as their masters passed them. And this is the end of one of the conquering races of the world! Whether the Tartars deserved their fate, or have been treated badly by fortune, one cannot but feel pity for them if they are punished for the crimes of their ancestors. They came into the Crimea conquerors, and they leave it as exiles.

It is said that they are going to colonize the Dobudschela, or to settle at Rustluk and Kostendji.—The first named place is but a postulated *marias*; it is a grave to those who visit it, and I sincerely trust that these poor Tartars, in whom we ought to take great interest—for we have brought upon them this aggravation of the evils of their position—will not be doomed to such misery and certain death as they will find in the Dobudschela. The number of families ready to emigrate is stated to be 1,500.

The New Government.

We cannot tell at the moment we write whether we have a Government or not. Reports were rife through the city on Saturday, that Tache disliked so much the increasing Upper Canada majority against him that he had resolved to give up the contest. If he retains his old views in favour of the double majority system, we cannot see that any other course is open to him. He cannot pass a single measure in his present position without violating

